

NEVER JUDGE A CIGAR BY THE FANCY KIMONO. IT MAY WEAR ADVICE OF EXPERT WHO DOES HIS SMOKING BY MACHINERY

MECHANICAL DEVICE PUFFS A PERFECTO LIKE MATINEE IDOL

Famous Chemist of Department of Agriculture Declares Fad for Light-Colored Cigars Is Curious as Color Has Nothing to Do With Quality of Tobacco, But Makes Growth of Weed Expensive Process.

HOW much does the ordinary man in the street know about selecting a good cigar?

"Absolutely nothing," says Dr. Wightman A. Garner, who ought to know, since he's been a Government expert at the game for the past fifteen years.

Dr. Garner, in the search for the perfect cigar (purely from scientific interest, understand), has not only smoked quite a few himself, but he has invented a machine that does the work for him—a mechanism that takes large, lung-filling, human-like puffs from four or five stogies, cheeroots, Vuelta Abajo Habanas, or Flor de Cabbages without ever experiencing any after-dinner ill effects, and with all four burning at the same time.

Dr. Garner is not an ordinary fellow who goes about inflicting the miseries of poor tobacco upon himself for the public weal, but is the physiologist in charge at the Bureau of Plant Industry. In the course of his researches he has become the author of several revolutionizing discoveries relative to plant growth, and to tobacco cultivation.

But this story is concerned with the advice he can offer about the selection of cigars—a subject interesting to nearly all men, and gradually becoming important to the women as well.

"The most remarkable factor is the choice of cigars on the part of an ordinary man in his insistence upon a light-colored wrapper," says Dr. Garner. "Just that little psychological twist in his character costs the tobacco people a few million dollars a year."

SMOKER'S ODD FANCY.
"Would you judge a man's character by the color of his coat, or his disposition by the cut of his necktie? Then why choose a cigar the same index to its character and disposition."

"If you happened upon a town where all the cigars were unnamed, and you wanted a good smoke for a stipulated price, then the easiest way to express your choice would be to look out of the door, jam your hand into the show case, and draw forth the first cylindrical roll of leaves that happened nearest your hand. You'd have just as much chance then of getting the sort of tobacco most agreeable to you as by judging the quality of your smoke by inspecting the wrapper and admiring the red and gold trimmings on the fancy band."

Dr. Garner waved his hand toward a tremendous panoramic reproduction of a tobacco field in Connecticut, where hundreds of acres of plants were being grown under muslin screens, which hung upon the wall of his office.

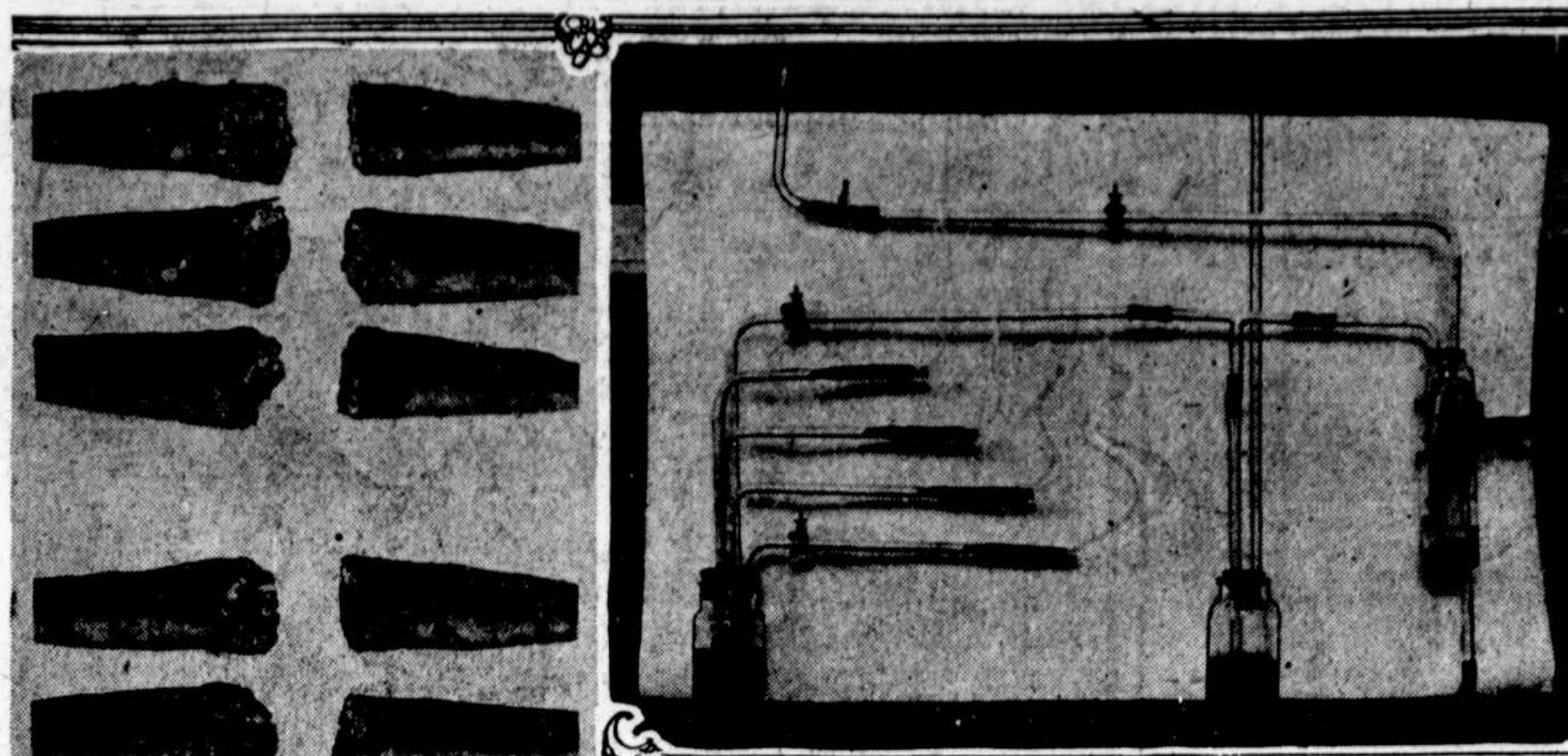
FORTUNE FOR WHIM.
"Look at that picture," he said. "It costs a fortune to exclude those plants from the rays of the sun—hurts the quality of the tobacco, too. But it will keep the leaves from turning a natural color and will leave them pale and poorly colored, all go toward pleasing the smoker who won't buy unless the wrapper of the cigar is light."

"Sometimes one meets a man who has an unbending, darkling appearance, who turns out to be the best fellow in the world—good character, sunny disposition and stuff in him that goes to make up a real man—and yet people are loath to choose him as a companion because of his slightly forbidding appearance. It's the same way with cigars. All things considered, the cigar with the dark wrapper is better than the light-colored one—for the wrapper is better by reason of having experienced a natural growth under the sun's rays."

Dr. Garner was asked to name the best tobacco, and the worst, that is grown, and to name the brands of cigars that embodied them. He smiled at the last question.

"The only way I could tell anything about a cigar would be to split it open and test it," he said. "And as for the worst tobacco—it's known as the 'Nicotiana Rustica'—cloud-hopper nicotine, literally, but Jack

WHERE FLOR DE CABBAGE REVEALS ITSELF



THE FOUR CIGARS shown on the rack-like apparatus are being gently smoked by a process devised to imitate and reproduce the effect of the human lungs upon a nicely rolled cheroot. The bottle at the extreme right is connected to the glass tube from overhead. This tube fills the bottle with water to a certain point, where it is immediately siphoned out, thus creating a vacuum that exerts a "pull" on the cigars much like the man in the street does. When the bottle is emptied the draught of air is closed, representing the reflective pause between puffs of "a good one."

The valve in the extreme upper left is a check to control and limit the supply of water, thus timing the "breaths" to those of human regularity.

Dempsey couldn't smoke it. Some of it is grown in Pennsylvania to kill off the insects.

"The best cigar tobacco is grown

THE SMOKING MACHINE reveals just what would have happened to twelve cigars selected for tests, had they been "pulled" by the man in the street. The three cigars in the upper right of the picture show just how annoyingly a wrapper grown in Ohio from domestic seed curls up along the windward side. Cuban seed planted in South Carolina fared just as badly in the trio beneath the Ohio "Flor de Cabbage."

Texas wrappers grown from Cuban seed, shown in the upper left, appear to burn very nicely, but the world's standard is revealed in the lower left, for the three evenly burned wrappers were grown underneath Cuban skies, where tobacco is mild and whiskey is strong, as they should be.

in the Vuelta Abajo district in Cuba. It is the Havana leaf that is the world's standard for cigars."

"Do they market it here?" he was asked.

"Well," came the answer, "most of it is purchased by connoisseurs who have the price. A good cigar of this leaf would bring about a dollar, especially made for the discriminating palate. But in the ordinary cigar on the market a little sprig of

Valuable Information for Tobacco Growers Obtained by Government Experts With Unique Laboratory Instruments That Smoke and Chew and Do Almost Everything Masculine Except Drop Ashes on the Parlor Rug.

it laid in the filler helps the aroma and flavor considerably."

"After all, I couldn't give you a set of rules to use in choosing a cigar. It is impossible to judge one by its wrapper, because what you see is the only five per cent of the smoke—and that other ninety-five per cent—well, you grasp the possibilities lurking underneath that pleasing exterior."

Dr. Garner for many years has been engaged in a systematic effort to improve the tobacco crop of the United States. The "Mammoth tobacco" of Maryland in its present splendid growth is due in a large part to the bureau's work, arising out of Dr. Garner's discovery that the seasonal length of the day has a large part in determining any plant's progress. The "Mammoth tobacco" plant's seeds are derived from cultivations in Florida, where the length of the day affects the organism in a peculiar way that returns a crop of mostly seeds. In Maryland where the same seeds are planted, the leaves are the most important part of the plant, and the seeds are, for practical purposes, incapable of reproducing.

Shown on this page is a picture of the mechanism Dr. Garner perfected for testing the burning quality of cigars. It would have been a simple matter to apply a current of air by means of a pump to the end of a lighted cigar. But the machine designed for the burning test acts like the respiration of human lungs, taking deep "breaths" and then blowing the smoke out in the reflective manner so effective upon the matinee stage.

THREE QUALITIES.

"In judging the merits of a cigar," writes Dr. Garner in a bulletin from the bureau of plant industry, "due regard must be had for the particular use for which it is intended, since the finished cigar consists of three components—the filler, the binder and the wrapper—each of which must possess certain characteristics."

"The filler must have, above all else, a fine flavor and aroma—and a good 'burn.' In the case of the wrapper leaf there are a number of requirements to be met, among which are sufficient elasticity, proper color, size, and shape, fineness of veins, freedom from objectionable flavor and taste, a fine 'grain' and a good burn. Many of these qualities can be determined by simple inspection, without the use of any specific tests, while others require special laboratory methods. There are several elements which go to make a good or bad

burn, chief of which are the capacity for holding fire, the evenness of the burn, the color of the ash and its firmness, the coating or carbonization, and the 'puckering' of the leaf immediately in advance of the burning zone of the cigar."

"The final test of any cigar tobacco must, of course, rest in the smoking of the manufactured cigar, but, while this gives a direct means of determining the character of the ash, it does not furnish accurate information as to the evenness of the burn or the fire-holding capacity of any one of the components of the cigar except with reference to the other two particular components used in the experiment. This is particularly true of the wrapper, as was shown by special experiments carried out to observe the effect of using different fillers and binders with the same wrapper. Again, it should be remembered, in this connection, that cigars made by the same workman and from the same lot of tobacco often vary widely in their burn owing to the impossibility of avoiding unevenness in the filler, and this source of error can only be eliminated by several times repeating the experiment."

Rescued at Sea Modest Aviator is Revealed as Ace

MANILA, P. I., Oct. 22.—Nikiphor Aulonovich Audreychook, former Russian aviator, is a resident of the Philippine Islands after many exciting experiences.

A short time ago he signed on a Russian fishing boat as engineer. The boat was wrecked in a storm in the Pacific, and he with a few other survivors were picked up by an American boat and dropped at Guam. From Guam he came to Manila.

Immediately upon his arrival his desire to fly led him to seek the department of air officer and request permission to fly, in army planes.

When asked where he had flown Audreychook said that he was a Russian aviator during the war. He made no mention of the fact that he had all the decorations for bravery to which a Russian pilot is heir, had been wounded in an air battle against the Germans, and had fought in the air for five years on the side of the allies against the Germans and Austrians.

These facts came out when he was asked to submit his official record of service.

FRENCH PEASANTS PRESERVE HOMES OF CAVEMEN ANCESTORS

CIVILIZATION MEANS LITTLE TO PEOPLE OF BASQUE REGION

Thresh Wheat as in Ancient Days and Boast That They Are as Industrious as the Germans and Need No Eight-Hour Law—Peasants Are Mostly Occupied With Grazing Herds of Horses, Cattle and Sheep.

By MRS. J. BORDEN HARRIMAN.
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IN THE southern departments of France, where the little villages cluster in the shadow of the Pyrenees, are to be found some of the grottos of the old Stone Age.

Here forty thousand or more years B. C. men of the Cro-Magnon race made the beginnings of art. On the walls of these caves have been found representations of the animals long since extinct that hunted and were hunted by the men who then made their homes in this region.

It is with a strange feeling of reverence that one approaches these evidences of the artistic spirit of prehistoric man.

Some of these caves are plainly to be seen from the road that winds up the lovely valley of the Ariège. They are high up on the cliffs above the river and must have afforded secure shelter from the savage dangers by which these men were surrounded in the dim dawn of the world's life.

The paintings and carvings of the rock walls of these caves have been dated by scientists by the use of super-heating rock foundations and their immense age is incontrovertible.

In the instance in a remote valley at the back of a cavern some flintaxes were broken away by the explorers, who found that they blocked the entrance to a smaller grotto.

Here were two statues in clay of the bison that roamed the Eu-

ropean wilds before the rocky curtain of this cavern had been formed, through countless ages, by water dripping from the roof.

And here were discovered in the clay the footprints of the men who had modeled the bison; flints that they had dropped, and lumps of clay left from the modeling that bore the impress of those long, long-dead fingers. These little statues, made by those men who lived over forty thousand years

ago, are beautifully executed and quite unbroken.

Not far away, on the walls of another cave, there have been discovered paintings of the same remote period, of bison and wild horses. These are engraved with a sharp flint on the smooth rock walls, and then colored with paint made of powdered ochre and manganese mixed with animal fats. The hollow leg bones of reindeer were used as paint pots by the artists, and have been found buried deep in the floors of the caverns.

There are still earlier drawings made before men learned the use of color, and etched into the rock with a sharp stone, representing lions, and the giant elk that roamed through the woods of Europe when the artists who thus depicted them were alive.

Buried deep in the cliffs of all these Pyrenean valleys, and only recently brought again to view, this primitive art throws a shaft of light and understanding into those ages when the spirit of man was encompassed by utter savagery.

They show, in the care with which they were executed, and in the gradual development of artistic ability which they record, that the sense of beauty, and a desire to represent it in line and color, were among the first strivings of the awakening soul of man. There are no chance scratchings, but painstaking efforts to present nature as it appeared to the primitive beings who made them.

It is evident that there must have been some light with which to see the work done in the deep recesses of these great caves. One can picture the artist working, by a crude lamp held near the rock, with the skill that must have required much practice.

Only here, deep in the kindly earth, was he safe enough from the myriad and dangers that encompassed his frail life to patiently work out on the rock walls the scenes and objects which his eyes

SEES NEW ERA DAWN



MRS. J. BORDEN HARRIMAN.

perceived in the world around him.

There are some scientists who believe that the inhabitants of southern France are descendants of the so-called Cro-Magnon race, to which the cave artists belong. There are several striking facts

which tend to substantiate this idea.

In the first place, the heads of the Cro-Magnon people, as proved by the fossil remains of their skulls, are very long and narrow with a broad face. The only other people

known to anthropologists to have the same cranial characteristics are the people who live in this part of the world now.

Another significant fact is that the most primitive language in Europe is that of the Basques, whose country is not far from this region which was thickly populated by the Cro-Magnon people. This is commented upon by Prof. Henry Osborn in his interesting work on the fossil remains and ancient cave drawings and sculpture of Europe.

If this resemblance of cranial development, and the supporting coincidence of a primitive language are to be trusted as evidence, the people of this part of France certainly represent the oldest living race in western Europe, and it is the most striking instance known of a population remaining unchanged through the ages.

To the visitor today the buildings in this area seem a symbol of a lurking prehistoric man who thousands upon thousands of years ago dwelt in these same hills and valleys and plied their trades with implements of stone lately discovered in the river drifts. For, in contrast to northern and middle France, the barns and houses of these peasants are all built of stone. The fields are divided from each other by such walls as are those of New York State.

The native peasants are an intelligent and handsome race with a goodly mixture of Spanish blood in their veins. They are much interested in strangers and more kindly disposed to them than those in some of the other departments of France. They speak with great affection of their particular "pays," and well they may.

It would seem ungrateful not to have appreciation where nature has been so lavish in her gifts. These peasants are hard workers through the summer months that they may live through the long, severe winters. Their principal occupation is stock raising.

which are sent to the adjacent city to be marketed, just enough crops are raised on their land to take care of their stock and themselves, their principal food being cereals.

In the yard of an old granite house built in the early eighteenth century father is threshing in true Biblical style; while a younger member of the family is near at hand to lend assistance. The old man stands in the middle of a pile of straw about fifteen feet square as two horses which he guides by ropes held in one hand, while plying a whip with the other, go round and round him like a carousel.

The monotony is occasionally broken by the insistence of a lurking foal that the mare in the lead must furnish it refreshment. The son, lest he forgot three years spent on the Somme and some months at Salonica, is minus a finger. Madame, wife of the younger man, emerges from the room at the front of the house, with its ancient rafters and heavy worm-eaten doors, where she has been preparing "gouter."

At once she takes the center of the stage. She is full of the esprit of the south, which, with her dark Castilian eyes, render unnecessary her information that her father was born in Spain.

One brother, she said, had been killed in the war, while two others had returned, but to go away again. They found that they could make money faster in the cities than in the old home.

"It is hard for my mother, but, enfin one cannot blame them. 'C'est la guerre,' they still suffer and are restless."

So many, many of the women in these villages have never been out of them. The very few that have ventured abroad have usually gone just over the border to Spain. Where all the men of a family have been killed the women are carrying on the farm alone, as that is their only means of subsistence. The peasants hereabouts will as-

sure you of how conscientiously and consistently they work.

"We are just as industrious as the Germans," some exclaim, "and we don't want the eight-hour law."

They are also fully aware of the fact that France's riches lie in her agricultural communities, and may eventually navigate their bark accordingly. But they don't know, or are unwilling to acknowledge, that while the inhabitants of the industrial centers are heavily taxed, those of the farming districts are scarcely taxed at all.

For news of the outside world as of neighboring towns these quaint people depend upon a paper posted conspicuously each day in a village street. One visualizes with what agony of mind those huddling women must have spelled out the news of battles, and those fallen, a few short years ago.

Today all is peace in these valleys where the shepherds return at night from watching their flocks on the everlasting hillsides; and the women weave into their inevitable knitting their dreams of castles in Spain. Or do they yearn beyond the jagged mountain tops into the sunsets show where lies Andorra?

Although only twenty kilometers away, over a mountain trail, few, if any, from this side have ever ventured in. Notwithstanding, it must be well worth a visit to that little, independent republic with its 7,000 inhabitants.

In 1805 A. D. the Andoreans went to the aid of the French when they laid siege to Urgell, and as a reward were granted, by Louis le Bonbonaire, a strip of territory in the Pyrenees, lying between France and Spain.

Here, cut off from all the strife and chaos of the outside world, these peoples have existed for centuries, sufficient unto themselves, and a menace to none. May some one some day have the initiative to study them and tell us more about them. Perhaps they, too, are of Cro-Magnon descent.

(The End.)